K Ed. Widow come some other time to know our mind.
La. May it please your grace *I* cannot brooke delaies,
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.
K Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this widowes wit.
Cla. I, good leaue haue you.
Glo. For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.
K Ed. Come hither widdow, howe many children hast thou?
Cla. I thinke he meanes to begge a child on her.
Glo. Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.
La. Three my most gratious Lord.
Glo. You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him.
K Ed. Were it not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers lands?
La. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.
K Edw. Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.
La. So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice.
K Ed. What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?
La. Euen what your highnesse shall command.
Glo. Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he Commands. Fight close or in good faith You catch a clap.
Cla. Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.
Glo. Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then.
La. Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?
K Ed. An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.
La. Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.

K Ed. Why then thy husbandes landes *I* freelie giue thee.
La. I take my leaue with manie thousand thankes.
Cla. The match is made, shee seales it with a curtsie.
K Ed. Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke I sue so much to get?
La. My humble seruice, such as subiects owes and the lawes commands.
K Ed. No by my troth, I meant no such loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.
La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.
K Edw. Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes lands.
La. Then mine honestie shall be my dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.
K Ed. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.
La. Heerein your highnesse wrongs both them and Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.
Please it your highnes to dismisse me either with *I* or no.
K Ed. I, if thou saie *I* to my request,
No, if thou saie no to my demand.
La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.
K Ed Her lookes are all repleat with maiestie,
One waie or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my loue or else my *Queene*.
Saie that king *Edward* tooke thee for his *Queene*.
La. Tis better said then done, my gratious Lord,